At this requeſt, with noble diſpoſition,
Each preſent Lord began to promiſe aide,
As bound in Knighthood to her impoſition,
Longing to heare the hatefull Foe bewraide.
But ſhee that yet her ſad taske hath not ſaid,
The proteſtation ſtops, ô ſpeake quoth ſhee,
How may this forced ſtaine be wip'd from me?

VVhat is the qualitie of my offence
Being conſtrayn'd with dreadfull circumſtance?
May my pure mind with the fowle act diſpence
My low declined Honor to aduance?
May anie termes acquit me from this chance?
The poyſoned fountaine cleares it ſelfe againe,
And why not I from this compelled ſtaine?

VVith this they all at once began to ſaie,
Her bodies ſtaine, her mind vntainted cleares,
VVhile with a ioyleſſe ſmile, ſhee turnes awaie
The face, that map which deepe impreſſion beares
Of hard misfortune, caru'd it in with tears.
No no, quoth ſhee, no Dame hereafter liuing,
By my excuſe ſhall claime excuſes giuing.

Here

Here with a ſigh as if her heart would brea
Shee throwes forth TARQVINS name: he h
But more then he, her poore tong could
Till after manie accents and delaies,
Vntimelie breathings, ſicke and ſhort aſſa
Shee vtters this, he he faire Lords, tis
That guides this hand to giue this wou

Euen here ſhe ſheathed in her harmleſſe b
A harmfull knife, that thence her ſoule vn
That blow did baile it from the deepe vnr
Of that polluted priſon, where it breathed
Her contrite ſighes vnto the clouds beque
Her winged ſprite, & through her woũd
Liues laſting date, from cancel'd deſtini

Stone ſtill, aſtoniſht with this deadlie deed
Stood COLATINE, and all his Lordly cr
Till LVCRECE Father that beholds her b
Himſelfe, on her ſelfe-ſlaughtred bodie th
And from the purple fountaine BRVTVS
The murdrous knife, and as it left the p
Her bloud in poore reuenge, held it in